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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

Trust.

I know not if dark or bright
I shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not

It may be mine to drag for years
Till a heavy chain,
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who was known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I heard my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light—
He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land—
The end is this:
And then with him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

—Selected.

STORY TELLER.

A DALE HARBOR ROMANCE.

"Poor!" cried the minister's wife, in great surprise. "Why, it is the prettiest parlor in Dale Harbor. Mr. Hopkins said that she never saw anything so graceful and artistic!"

"Possibly," said the minister. "All I know is that Miss Moritz told me they were almost starving, and he sought me to obtain for them some sort of sewing embroidery, or such like remunerative employment."

"Little Mrs. Brown knit her dark eyebrows. 'Dear me!' she said, 'Dale Harbor is the worst place in the world for such a thing as that. Why did they come here?'"

"I suspect," said Mr. Brown mildly, "because their uncle died and left them the place. Rent, I am told, is quite a considerable item in the large cities."

"Are they nice girls?" said Mrs. Brown.

"Very," her husband answered. "Extremely refined and lady-like, and moreover very pretty."

"I'm afraid they'll have a hard time of it," said Mrs. Brown, meditatively. "Dale Harbor is a poor place. All the farmers' wives do their own work and make their own dresses, so that puts an end to the needlework question. And all the children go to the district school, so there is no genteel teaching to be had."

"Well, we won't discuss it any longer," said Mr. Brown, "for my sermon has to be finished yet, and this is Friday noon. It is quite spring-like out on the lawn, my dear; and if you'll take the children to play under the trees, my theology will have all the better chance to expand itself."

While the minister and his sprightly little wife were thus debating, Helen Moritz end her sister Effie were sorrowfully adding up their week's accounts at Harbor Cottage.

Helen and Effie belonged to the innumerable ranks of the "genteel poor." Their father had educated them as ladies; and when his sudden death left them unprotected, no opening appeared for their support. What could they do; or whither could they turn? About this time they got a letter, announcing the death of their uncle at Dale Harbor, and stating that he had given them a little cottage and two or three acres of land close to the Harbor Station.

"A cottage!" cried Effie. "And in the country too. Oh, I dare say it is all contrived with roses and honeysuckles; with daffodils growing under the windows, and a little brook babbling beneath the apple trees. Do let us go there at once, Helen."

"It will save us our rent," observed the matter-of-fact Helen. "And I dare say, with a little assistance, we can raise our own vegetables and thus economize in still another way."

So the sisters packed up their few belongings and came to Dale Harbor; their water color drawings, embroidered curtains, satin screens and plush-covered ottomans, made a great show there.

"We can be so happy here," said Helen.

"The woods are full of blue birds and wild flowers," chirped Effie. "And the dearest little humming-bird you ever saw has built herself a

nest in the vine under the parlor window."

"Effie, did you send your address to Mrs. Carleton?" said Helen, with averted face.

"To be sure I did; and to all of our friends. I dare say there will be coming up here to see us as soon as we are well settled."

But as time went on the money kept melting away, and none appeared to replenish the empty coffers. Helen looked at Effie. Effie wrung her hands.

"What shall we do?" said Effie.

"We are in debt to every tradesman in the place," said Helen, sorrowfully.

"But what are we to do?" moaned the younger sister.

Helen glanced around. The train that waited for signals at the harbor station was in; and the passengers, to pass off the half hour's delay, were spreading themselves in all directions through the reed-fringed shores of Dale Lake.

"This is a great annoyance," said she. "I wonder if they know that these are private grounds?"

"We must go into the house," said Effie. "I think we shall be compelled to put up a board with 'No Trespassing Allowed' painted on it."

Mrs. Pinkster, the milkwoman, who had just come up the hill, smiled quietly at this, saying:

"La, miss, didn't you know that old Betsey, Peter Moritz's woman, always kept a little stand down in the woods, where she sold home-baked ginger-snaps and birch beer? The railroad folks miss it, that's all."

"Dear me! what are they doing, poking in the grass?" said Effie, peeping out from the sassafras boughs.

"Have they lost anything?"

"Oh, no, miss, said Mrs. Pinkster, as she measured out her pint of milk, 'it's wild strawberries they're looking for. The sweetest in Dale Harbor ripen on these slopes.'"

She went away, her tin pails shining in the sun.

The girls sat in silence for some time.

"Helen," said Effie, at last.

"Yes, Effie."

"Here's a chance for us if we want to earn money. Do you remember the delicious ice cream we used to make for papa when he had a few friends to dinner flavored with chocolate and vanilla? I am sure Mrs. Pinkster will sell us plenty of cream, and here are the strawberries ripening by thousands and tens of thousands, and not costing us a cent! And no one could make nicer coffee than we can:—and do you remember the recipe for that snow white angel cake that Frank Carleton said was almost too ethereal to be eaten?"

"Do you mean—a railway restaurant?" asked Helen, slowly.

"I mean independence," said Effie. "After all, why shouldn't we cook as well as sew; deal out coffee and cream, instead of grinding away at music lessons and painting on velvet?"

"But to stand behind a counter!" said Helen pleaded; "to take in rusty pennies, and to make change for every lot who chooses to patronize us!"

"What else were we doing," replied Effie, "when we held that last fancy fair for the benefit of the church?"

And yet the young ladies of our set almost quarreled which should have the tables."

"But that was different." "Yes," nodded Effie, "different in this; it was amusement then—now it is real, sober business."

"It might not be bad," said Helen, gravely reflecting. "Well, come on, Effie—let's give it a trial. Something has got to be done; we can't starve nor live on charity."

At the end of the week when the train came in, the amazed travelers beheld a booth constructed of beautiful boughs, with a few yards of bunting festooned across the top. An ice cream freezer stood in one corner, splint baskets of fragrant wild strawberries were piled upon the impromptu table of boards, delicious coffee exhaled the odor of Mocha, and delicate little cakes were arranged close by.

The plates were of leaves pinned together by thorns, the cups of new and glittering tin; while behind the counter stood Helen and Effie, in neat calico dresses and businesslike white aprons.

It was a sultry day, late in June,—the ride from New Haven had been dusty and hot, and there was a general rush for this shady spot. Mrs. Pinkster, engaged to help for the occasion, had all she could do to measure out the ice cream and pour crystal glasses of lemonade, while Helen and

Effie dealt out the strawberries, distributed cake and made change all at once.

It was the busiest half hour they had ever spent,—perhaps also the most profitable. And when at last the long expected signals were displayed at the curve of the road, and the train was gone, the three women looked at each other with a sigh of relief.

"But, really, though," cried Effie, "it wasn't bad fun. Everybody was polite and pleasant as could be; and some of them were helped twice."

"How refreshing it must be to them," said Helen. "I wish we could afford to do it for nothing."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Effie. "They wouldn't appreciate it half so much. The ice cream all gone, Mrs. Pinkster? Well, so much the better, it couldn't keep until to-morrow—and there isn't a pint of strawberries left. You and I must get up before daylight to-morrow morning, Nell, to pick some more. How much money have we taken in? fifteen dollars. It can't be possible! And at least half of it will be clear profit. Dear Nell, with an affectionate hug of her sister, "I see our way to be millionaires!"

"It certainly is a better idea than old Betsey's birch beer and ginger snaps," sagely remarked Mrs. Pinkster.

"And we shall be earning our own living," said Helen, exultantly. "It is so nice to think of that."

The autumn frosts were unsealing the prickly chestnut burs and rattling out their shining contents by the bushel, all over the leaf carpeted woods, when Mr. Brown came in one day where his wife was mending the family stockings.

"Guess whom I am engaged to marry next week?" he said, laughing. "But then you would never hit it right. Little Effie Moritz to Mr. Vallerie, the conductor on the Listfield train. They must have made love to each other over aesthetic little restaurant tables by the lake; because I don't know what other chance they could have had."

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Brown. "Then little Effie will be married before her tall sister."

"I am not altogether sure of that," said the parson, "there's young Mr. Carleton at the cottage very often, from New Haven, and I rather think they intend to consolidate matters, and he married at the same time."

"They are very nice girls," said Mrs. Brown; "and what is strange they do not seem to have lost caste, socially speaking, by that strange experiment of theirs. People think as much of them as ever."

"More too, unless they are fools," retorted Mr. Brown. "I never understood why it should be any more socially degrading for a woman to earn her own living than for a man to do the same thing."

"And they say," added Mrs. Brown, "that they have made two hundred and fifty dollars clear profit from their summer's work. What a lovely trousseau that will buy them."

"That's all a woman thinks of," groaned Mr. Brown.

HOW TO TELL A STORY.

Children delight in stories, but they do not always become educated by them. A good story must have three qualities—interest, instruction and brevity. Nonsensical twaddle printed for children in long drawn paragraphs is not only of no value, but a decided injury to the mind.

Our old Readers were full of the most crude narrations of the goody-goody sort. It stands to reason then, that stories for children must be carefully selected, and keep the interest without asking or commanding it.

The speaker who commences a talk to children by saying: "You must now sit up erect, look at me, fold your hands and give attention," will fail every time he uses such language. If after the speaker has commenced, he feels himself called upon to say:

"If those boys do not stop laughing and whispering, I shall be compelled to stop," had better stop at once.

It is an easy thing to talk to children if the speaker has anything to say that children like to hear. No thermometer is more sensitive than the thermometer of the child's heart.

The mercury of interest shows itself at once. Older audiences can be bored for hours and not show much uneasiness—children, never. They will laugh, whisper, or go to sleep, for they are too honest not to act out nature.

This is our theory; now for the application, here are two stories that we think can be told to young people and hold their attention to the close—

try and see. When you are through ask the question and follow the course indicated. With us the result has been a success.

I.

Chief Justice Marshall was in the habit of going to market, and carrying home what he had purchased. He was often seen returning at sunrise with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other. On one of these occasions a fashionable young man from the North who had also been to market, was swearing terribly because he could find no one to carry home his turkey. Judge Marshall stepped up and asked him where he lived.

When he heard, he said, "That is my way, and I will take your turkey home for you." When they came to the house, the young man inquired, "What shall I pay you?"

"Oh, nothing," said the Judge, "you are no trouble to me." "Who is that polite old gentleman who brought home my turkey for me?"

asked the young man of a bystander.

"Oh," said he, "that was Judge Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States."

"Well, I am astonished! what did he bring home my turkey for me?"

Why did not the young man want to carry home his own turkey? Why did Judge Marshall carry the turkey for him? What lesson did the young man learn? What is pride? Is it ever right to be proud?

II.

Massasoit, the great chief of one of the New-England tribes of Indians, owned a great deal of land. One of his famous fishing-grounds was, the city of East Bridgewater, Mass., is now. This the colonists at Plymouth bought from him, and they paid for it a queer collection of articles:

seven coats, a yard and a half in each one, nine hatchets, eight hoes, twenty knives, four moose skins, and ten yards and a half of cotton. This was thought to be good pay for seven miles of beautiful land, with streams, woods and meadows. The bargain was made and sealed one bright May morning; it was written on coarse paper, and signed by the principal men of the Plymouth colony.

Did Massasoit know the real value of the land he sold? Was it right to take it from him for the price paid? What is meant by "sealing" a bargain? In what way can a good title be obtained except by paying something for it? What is meant by the expression "a good title"? Did the Indians have as good a title to the land before the Europeans came as we now have?—*School Journal.*

Chinese Executions.

Being unable to persuade any European to be his companion on the occasion, the Duke was compelled to go alone. I happened to see him on the afternoon of the day on which the execution took place, and his looks told me in language that could not be misunderstood that for once at least in his life he had supped full of horror. I think he repented of his curiosity, and I am certain he saw enough to furnish his imagination with material for many a hideous nightmare. When I met him he had not resumed his composure, and he tried the usual remedy of relieving his feelings by giving me a full and particular account of what he had witnessed. He told me that in the extensive court-yard into which he had been admitted there were a hundred condemned persons drawn up in four rows of twenty-five men each. What struck him most was the perfectly callous indifference of the unfortunate beings who were ranged in full view before him, and the quiet, business-like manner in which the executioner discharged his horrible task. The criminals stood bolt upright, but each one, as his turn came, bent down his head so as to give the executioner as fair a chance as possible of cutting it off at a single blow. The executioner proved himself to be a master of his business, and his huge sword had in no single instance to be raised a second time upon the same victim. The Duke himself possessed considerable coolness and presence of mind, for he held his watch in his hand, and found that the work of destroying 100 lives was accomplished by one man in exactly the period of two minutes and a half. I felt very thankful that I had not been a witness of the sight, and I found the simple narrative quite appalling enough. I assure you. If I had ever in my life felt a curiosity to see a Chinese executioner, the experience of this Italian nobleman related by him to me would have been an effectual cure, and I

know that my informant was not likely again to seek to be a spectator of another such scene of bloodshed.—*Army and Navy Magazine.*

Advice to Farmers About Leases.

The following, prepared by an attorney, is published by the Connecticut Board of Agriculture. Persons who have had experience in the matter will appreciate the grim humor of the last paragraph.

1. Trust to no verbal lease. Let it be in writing, signed and sealed. Its stipulations then become commands and can be enforced. Let it be signed in duplicate, so that each party may have an original.

2. Insert such covenants as to repairs, manner of use in restraint of it be signed in duplicate, so that each party may have an original.

3. There should be covenants against assignments and underletting.

4. If the tenant is of doubtful responsibility, make the rent payable in installments. A covenant that the crops shall remain the lessor's till the lessor's contracts with him have been fulfilled is valid against the lessee's creditors. In the ordinary case of renting farms on shares the courts will treat crops as the joint property of lord and tenant, and thus protect the former's rights.

5. Every lease should contain a stipulation for forfeiture and re-entry in case of non-payment or breach of any of the covenants.

6. To prevent the tenant's committing waste, the court will grant an injunction.

7. Above all, be careful in selecting your tenant. There is more in the man than there is in the bond.

CHARITY.

No noble things, not dream them all day long,
And make life, death and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song. —*Charles Kingsley.*

I have observed the King of New York city closely for years, and have come to the conclusion that they as a whole—of course there are numerous exceptions—have not the faintest idea of the meaning of charity. They need a good stirring up—the subject should be handled "without gloves" and regardless of who is offended. Dr. Gallaudet has done wonders, but he could do a great deal more good if the deaf would only join hand and hand and help him; or rather help themselves, for he can get along without them far better than they can get along without him. Who is principally benefited by his work? The deaf. From whom does the money necessary to carry on the work principally come? From the hearing. Why? The deaf say it is because they are poor, but I say it is because they are too selfish and stingy to help. They are not too poor to spend money on beer and tobacco, but as soon as any one asks them for money for charity they begin to plead poverty. One man positively told me, "I will be d—d if I ever help any charitable work without getting my money's worth." Of course I cannot pronounce any judgment upon the fate of the fellow who made the above remark after he "shuffles off this mortal coil," but I venture to predict that sooner or later he will deeply regret his heartlessness. Another complains of the price of the lectures and entertainments given by the Guild of Silent Workers in order to raise money to help the poor. I wish from the bottom of my heart that all such things could be done away with, and the money freely donated without the donor expecting any return, but the world must change greatly before that can be done, and until it changes money must be raised by means of lectures and entertainments. The cost of such trifling to each individual. Oh, mercy! how some of them do howl! One would think they were being skinned alive, judging by the clamor. And yet in not a few cases those that howl the loudest can afford it better than those who pay without a word. Another peculiarity of charitable work in New York is that when a deaf man lectures the price of admission is expected to be lower than it would be if he could hear. Why this is so, I cannot imagine. I once attended a lecture where a deaf man repeated nearly the whole of a large book, and it took him two hours and a half to do it, yet the price of admission was only ten cents. On the other hand a hearing man delivered a lecture which only lasted about an hour, and the admission was twenty-five cents. The lecture by the deaf man was the best of the two

by far. But ten cents is the popular price, some one will say. That makes no difference. The popular cry is very often wrong, and is so most decidedly in this instance. There is no necessity of going to every lecture, though to tell the truth I do not think it would hurt the deaf of New York, as far as the brains are concerned, if they went to a good lecture every night of their lives, as it would teach them a good many things of which they are profoundly ignorant.

They can go to those they think they would enjoy and derive profit from, and stay away from others. They certainly would do so if some one would give them the tickets, but they are too stingy to buy them. In my opinion twenty-five cents is very little for a lecture, but for fear I might be mistaken, I made inquiries among those who were accustomed to having charge of such things for those who had not a superabundance of cash, and was told that twenty-five cents was a very moderate admission price, and that they never heard of a ten cent lecture, except among the deaf.

I have a most profound respect and sympathy for the poor, though I have heard that one of two men have said—when I was not present of course—that such was not the case, but I also have an intense dislike for those who want to screw down things to the lowest price, especially in charity. They would, if it was possible, skin a flea for the sake of its hide and talow.

EDGAR RAVENSWOOD.

From Great Britain.

Owing to circumstances, we were unable to attend the Tea Party and Soiree given by the Liverpool Mutes. Here we send an account of the affair, which appeared in the Liverpool *Mercury*, the leading paper, feeling sure it will be appreciated.

"The annual soiree in connection with the Liverpool Adult Deaf and Dumb Benevolent Society, took place on Saturday evening, at Hope Hall. There was a large attendance, and a capital tea was served prior to the entertainment, etc. The Mayor (Mr. Alderman D. Radcliffe), who was accompanied by the Mayoress, presided over the meeting; and among those present were Mr. Edward Banner (president), Mr. R. S. Cleaver (honorary treasurer), Mr. G. F. Hooley (honorary secretary), Mr. Armour the Missionary, Mr. E. H. Banner (architect of the new building), Mr. T. Mawdesley, Mr. J. B. Mackenzie, Mr. John Cobham, Mr. E. Healey, Mr. Maxwell, Mr. W. W. Jones, Mr. Norris Jones, Mr. J. B. Jones, Mr. G. Simpson, Mr. W. G. Stewart, Mr. F. B. Illingworth (headmaster of the Deaf and Dumb School), Rev. F. T. B. Banner, Rev. J. T. Taylor, Rev. T. B. Banner, Dr. Townson, Dr. Nevins, Professor Bell, etc.

"Letters of apology for non-attendance were received from the Rev. R. B. Baron, Rev. Dr. Harrison, Rev. Charles Beard, Sir A. B. Walker, Bart., Councillor J. T. Warrington, Mr. E. Hallwood, of Bolton, Mr. T. C. Leet, and Mr. S. Pound.

"The speeches which were delivered during the evening were interpreted to the deaf and dumb by Mr. Illingworth.

"The committee, in their 21st annual report, stated, with much satisfaction, that the general work had been carefully carried out, and they had reason to believe that much good had been done both as regards the spiritual welfare and the temporal prosperity of those under the society's care. Owing to the long-continued depression in trade, a large number of deaf mutes had been thrown out of employment, and in consequence they had required, and still needed continued assistance. This timely help the committee had been enabled to render by the maintenance of the subscription list, supplemented by donations, and a grant of £50 from the local charities fund, for which the committee were very grateful. It seemed that about 100 deaf and dumb persons had been assisted with money, and clothing; 21 provided with work or apprenticeship, and 34 partook of free Christmas breakfasts, Mayor's hot-pots, and were provided with coats, etc. The Birkenhead branch was doing a good work.

"Mr. R. S. Cleaver, who was called upon by the chairman, said, according to the general accounts of the society, the total receipts from all sources this year amounted to £317, and the expenditure had been £313, leaving them again with a small balance to be carried forward to their

bank account, which now stood at £103.

"A most enjoyable entertainment was next given by Professor Duprez, who has lately been pleasing large audiences at the Bijou Opera House, Bold street. Professor Duprez's 'mysterious handkerchief,' his 'golden eggs,' and the 'rose trees' which he 'cut the heads off birds and replaced them,' etc, pleased the audience, and repeatedly they showed their appreciation of Professor Duprez's smart tricks by loudly applauding him. During the evening a recitation, entitled 'Judge Twiddle's Cow,' was given by Mr. A. M. Neil in sign language, and was thoroughly enjoyed."

We are now in Manchester on a visit. Will be back in Liverpool to-morrow night and start for London next week.

MORE ANON.

FARMING.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I am writing this article from a farming country—not from a city, town, nor a flourishing village. Where we live there are not over twenty-five houses, all of which are far from each other, except only four which are in the reach of a stone throw. My readers may think that we are lonesome and it is a horror to live such a place as they suppose. But I can assure them that it is not such as they expect. We are enjoying it vastly, and hear from New York nearly every day through daily newspapers, as if we lived in a city, and there are a thousand things in it to delight and interest us. A well-educated person can enjoy himself much in the country. More practical knowledge can be obtained by observing in the country than by reading. Nature speaks more impressively and comprehensively. Many retired distinguished statesmen live on their farms. The late John R. Burnett, who had a rare gift of refined intellect and did the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes a great deal of valuable service, lived on his farm nearly all his life. He often took his ax and books to the woods. In the controversy with Mr. Jacobs of the Kentucky Institution in regard to the sign-language, his arguments were forcible and comprehensive. Is not it strange that there should be so few deaf-mute farmer in the United States and so many seeking the positions which they think above that noble work—farming—but which are very doubtful for living? Do the deaf-mutes who dream to live in a lonely place think that money is so scarce in it that they cannot buy as many things as they want? When they become established on a farm they need not buy so many things, for the farm produce, all nearly they want. If they have a fair school education and practise economy, they can live independently and more comfortably than in a city. There are many things to buy in cities, while there is less in the country. Though less money is earned in the country than in a city, yet more can be saved if a small farm bought or rented is carefully managed. Certain farming would be excellent for industrious deaf-mutes, if they have contentment and patience enough. It is not a degrading labor, but the noblest. Why do the restless deaf-mutes prefer tramping and peddling trifling valuable things to that honorable work? Let those seeking employment in the cities come into the country, and if they hire a small farm and stick to it a few years, they will find themselves surrounded by chickens, cows, horses and pigs, etc. They will have fresh eggs, pure milk and delicious butter, to eat or sell, and the horses, to help and give them the pleasure of riding. There are many small and large farms to let about here. Farming, if to be scientific, is a very interesting study for any one who has some knowledge of chemistry. Much knowledge and profit is obtained from it, if the farm is scientifically managed. There are quite many intelligent deaf-mutes in the United States who are indifferent about farming, or look at it as a common work, but they forget to regard it as a study. I know many intelligent young men who make it their delight and also their study. I will stop penning this, and try and write another article for your valuable paper.

Yours,

JOHN BENNETT.
NORTHFIELD, N. J., March 25, '86.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1886.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1623 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

The Boston Levee.

A great many deaf-mutes have expressed themselves as being dissatisfied with the financial result of the recent entertainment in Boston. The sum of seven dollars is a very small profit from an entertainment at which over two hundred and sixty-five was taken in. The expenses were exorbitant in some cases and entirely unnecessary in others. However, no amount of talk will add to the net proceeds. It is past; and the damage is done. But, in future, we hope there will be less extravagance and more business intelligence exercised when a similar affair is given for a benevolent object. The New England mutes are ashamed of the meagre showing they have made, and no doubt will strive hard to regain their lost prestige. It certainly is humiliating to spend so much effort for such an insignificant result.

"Beating" the Public.

J. W. Hunter, a deaf-mute, well dressed and of good appearance, was soliciting subscriptions in town to-day, to help him from Bangor, Me., to Minneapolis.

So says the Amsterdam (N. Y.) Daily Democrat, of March 25th. Several other papers in various parts of the country have published like items. The only variation in these items is in the name and the destination of the young man. When he was in Connecticut, he wanted to go to Maine, and the humane public were invited to pay his traveling expenses. While in Amsterdam, "Hunter" patronized the saloons so freely that it is doubtful if he had enough money to pay his way out of town. Probably he took the accommodations affected by the "dumb peddlers" who make pleasure trips between Chicago and Denver—that is, the freight car. As "Solid Muldoon" has said: "The dumb peddlers must go!" and if they do not go in a box car, it is hard to see what other route they can take when the walking is bad. But cases like the above are getting too common. It is a disgrace to the educated and industrious deaf-mutes to be represented before the public by such vagabonds as "Hunter." If he were really destitute and had any particular destination (except the workhouse or the almshouse), the authorities of any town would help him along. Deaf-mutes who come across him are advised to expose him at once.

Another Rascal.

The Silent Nation and other papers have published an account of the doings of Prigge, the deaf-mute whose swindling operations were described in a recent issue of the JOURNAL. But these papers add that Prigge professes to be a correspondent of this paper. It is unnecessary to say that such an insinuation is false. Prigge, while working in the Pioneer Mills in San Francisco, was a subscriber, but has never been authorized to act in any capacity for the JOURNAL. It is true, he sent us a letter asking to be appointed agent, but we declined to have anything to do with him. We advise all deaf-mutes to place no trust in deaf-mutes who represent themselves as agents for the JOURNAL until being satisfied that such is really the case. Prigge is on his way east, and deaf-mutes are cautioned to be on their guard, so that none of them will be added to his long list of victims.

Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

TREASURER'S BULLETIN, No. 22.

KENDALL GREEN, WASHINGTON, D. C., March 27, 1886.

(Through Rev. Job Turner.)
Miss Anna M. Jenkins, Becket's Landing, John's Island, S. C. 50
Mr. and Mrs. Micah J. Jenkins, same place, 50
Wm. Ballantyne and son, Washington, D. C. 10 00
W. D. Washburn, Minneapolis, Minn. through C. S. Washburn, 100 00
From the Oak View Literary Society, Little Rock, Ark., J. W. Michaels, Pres., Clara P. Cook, Sec'y.
(Fritz Reichardt, Collector.)

Wm. Dudley, 10
Lucinda Nations, 10
C. J. Kramer, 20
J. Hoeltzel, 20
Lionel Bliss, 25
J. U. Jan. Knudsen, 25
Daniel Miller, 25
Sallie Miller, 25
E. N. Bull, 25
Ouisa Bliss, 25
Louise Wunderlich, 25
Mrs. Hickey, 50
Andrew Reigler, 25
Suzanne Reigler, 25
Samuel Fish, 25
William Denneth, 25
Will Scott, 25
Mary M. Beattie, 10
Columbus Proctor, 10
N. Knipferle, 1 00
Mrs. N. N. Bottaken, 50
Miss Wm. Reichardt, 25
Mrs. Hoeltzel, 25
Mrs. Kramer, 25
Mrs. L. C. Gramling, 10
M. Volner, 10
Mr. Timpin, 10
Wm. P. Lee, 10
W. F. Delaunoy, 1 00
Susan Harwood, 1 00
Edith Harrington, 10
Mary Cookburn, 10
Christine Holmstead, 10
Mary M. Beattie, 10
Emma Calotte, 10
Julia Jones, 10
Dora Bennett, 10
Lucy Weaver, 10
Mary Shubert, 10
J. M. Parham, 1 00
J. C. Morgan, 10
Wm. E. Casey, 10
Cash, five times, 75
J. W. Michaels, 5 00
Geo. Dow Martin, 10
W. E. Casey, 10
Sarah Kelly, 10
Mrs. Carr, 10
Wm. F. Illing, 10
W. C. N. Young, 10
H. Gramling, 10
Katie Heller, 10
Ed Smith, 10
Col. Zeb Ward, 25
Sallie Hoffner, 25
Mrs. Katie Hoffman, 25
Miss Kate Anderson, 25
Geo. W. H. Hman, 10
Albert Turner, 10
Fred Lee, 10
Fred Coos, 10
Ed Moore, 10
Charles Watkins, 10
Jesse Glover, 10
R. H. Lamb, 1 00
William Heitman, 10
O. J. O'Brien, 10
J. Janssen, 10
W. D. Hoopes, 10
C. S. Froy, 10
Jas. W. Young, 10
Alex. Roberson, 10
Geo. Jones, 10

From Gen. W. M. Dunn, Washington, D. C., through C. K. W. Strong, 10 00

Total net receipts, \$144 00
Acknowledged last week, 355 46

Total in Treasurer's hands, \$499 46
Other assets reported last week, 1431 93

Total assets, \$1931 39

AMOS G. DRAPER, Treasurer.

OBITUARY.

DIED.—At the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Benjamin Rich, of Torrey, Yates Co., N. Y., February 22, 1886, James Wallace, formerly of Geneva, aged 66 years and four days.

James Wallace was born in Portpatrick, Scotland, February 18th, 1800. He came with his wife and three daughters from Scotland to New York City in 1836, and moved to Geneva in 1847. He then went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Rich. He was sick with throat trouble two days only, and died very suddenly. He conducted a boot and shoe shop at No. 52 Seneca Street many years. He was well known by old friends in Geneva. His integrity was the strong point in his character, and he was a religious Presbyterian. He was an elder, trustee and treasurer of the old Scotch Church for twenty-seven years. He left it, and united with the second Presbyterian Church (Rev. Dr. Hogarth's) in 1876. The funeral took place, last Wednesday at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Rich in Torrey. Mrs. Benjamin Krebs, of this place is a daughter of the deceased. Mrs. Benjamin Rich and Mrs. Richard G. Thompson, of Allendale, Michigan, are also daughters. Wm. Wallace, of Chicago is a son.—*Geneva Gazette.*

Religious Services.

Deaf-Mutes are cordially invited to the following succession of sign-services: Sunday, April 4th, 10:45 A.M., and 1:30 P.M., All Saints' Church, Providence, R. I.

Monday, April 5th, 7:30 P.M., Ascension Church, Fall River, Mass.

Tuesday, April 6th, 7:30 P.M., Church of the Good Shepherd, Nashua, N. H.

Wednesday, April 7th, 7:30 P.M., Room of Silent Society, Lowell, Mass.

Thursday, April 8th, 7:30 P.M., School for Deaf-Mutes, Beverly, Mass.

Friday, April 9th, 7:30 P.M., Guild Room of St. Stephen's Church, Lynn, Mass.

Sunday, April 11th, 12 M. (Holy Communion) and 3 P.M., Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, Mass, and 7:30 P.M., Chapel of All Saints' Church, Worcester, Mass.

The Guild.

Prof. E. H. Currier will deliver a lecture on "The North American Indians: their Customs, etc.," in aid of the Guild, April 13th, 1886, in St. Ann's Sunday School-room, at 8 P.M. Tickets, 25 cents, can be had of the Committee. A few reserved chairs can be had of the Chairman for 30 cents.

C. R. THOMSON, Chairman.

ITEMIZER. COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

News From Every State in the Union. Health, Strength and Exercise.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTE. A HISTORY OF THE DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE.

Lawn Tennis.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

On a rainy day, like this, when the blessings of heaven are being showered down upon the earth from morn till night with the most lavish generosity, the value of a gymnasium for recreative purposes is second to nothing. So we thought, as, provided with an umbrella and diverse rubber goods, which were proof against the rain, we went over to the gymnasium. A good run around the hall for about ten minutes sent the blood coursing through our veins, and we felt that life was worth living. The dumb bells were made to sing a lively tune, and the chest weights went up and down like Jack-in-the-box. Just then we thought how wonderful a machine is that lump of flesh and bone which we call our body. How neatly the parts are fitted together, how smoothly they do work! How much abuse they will stand, and then when injured they repair themselves! Can man make a machine possessing even to a degree these advantages? While perhaps the majority of men understand the details of some complicated machine, how few understand even the elementary details of their own bodily mechanism? It is well that Nature gives us the guide of instinct in running this complicated engine of ours, but the light of intelligence is needed to supplement that of instinct in the mode of life which the present state of civilization compels us to lead. Not many years ago we used to think that health and strength were identical, that in proportion as the arm gained in muscular strength the body gained in general health. That this view is erroneous may easily be seen by reflecting that strength is the development of a few particular muscles, whereas perfect health is obtained only by giving an equal share to all. The laborer brings all the muscles into play, and therefore, where other conditions are favorable, he enjoys good health. In artificial exercises the muscles which most need exercise, but which are the most apt to be neglected, are those of the trunk and abdomen. They serve to make the body firm, steady and graceful, and the latter give a firm basis for the action of the digestive apparatus. They may be best developed by bending the body forward and sideways thirty to fifty times, as if you were to pick up something on the floor without bending your knees. Walking and running are good means of developing these muscles, but the bowing would still do no harm. Sometimes we have seen persons weak and feeble, thinking to get strong, take a long walk and return entirely exhausted. Such exercise is worse than none. To be effective, exercise must be regular; should be taken every day; should be made so brisk as in itself to be pleasurable; should be continued till one feels tired, but never till exhausted.

Will the deaf-mutes of New Jersey have a convention the coming summer? It is reported that Mr. John Cavanaugh will soon be married to Miss Lottie Kurtz.

Mr. William Kyle and Miss Estella Rodgers were married on the 18th of March, at South-west City, Mo.

Geo. Abrams, of Birmingham, Ok., is learning the engraving business at the Derby Silver Co. He is doing well.

At the service at St. Mary's Church, Delhi, Indiana. Rev. Mr. Mann baptized three children of deaf-mute parents.

Miss Elsie Bodley, formerly of Olathe, Kansas, was married to James A. Key, last December, and is now living at Alton, Kan.

Mrs. Mary F. White, sister of Mrs. Ella A. Graham, died in Jersey City, on Sunday, March 21st, of Bright's disease of the kidneys.

What has become of the New York Institution High Class Alumni? Can Mr. Thomson please let us know what the committee have accomplished during the past year and a half?—*Cor.*

While in Baltimore, on his way to Florida, William A. Watts received a telegram announcing the serious illness of his mother, and has abandoned his proposed pleasure trip.

The snow storm prevented Charles E. Underwood, of Fishers' Creek, Ind., riding his bicycle to Indianapolis, Ind., where he expects to attend the services conducted by Rev. Mr. Mann.

"Pollywog" wishes to correct the report that Miss Robertson was quite ill the last three months. We were misinformed. She is now and has been enjoying good health all the while.

Mrs. James L. Wheeler, of Derby, Ct., lost her worthy mother, Feb. 23d, after 2 months' illness of paralysis. Her age was 93 years. She and her husband celebrated the 60th anniversary of their wedding last fall.

Mrs. Pauline Acheson, the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Acheson, of Boston, is at present in Michigan City, Indiana, visiting her uncle and aunt (Bones), who have not seen her since she was a little girl.

It is earnestly hoped that Alpha Hall, No. 18 Essex Street, Boston, will be full of maskers on the seventh day of April next, at 8 o'clock P.M. sharp. The Committee are trying to make the masquerade party an enjoyable affair.

John E. Sullivan, the professional base-ball player, committed suicide at Grand Rapids, Mich., last night by taking morphine. He received injuries by falling from a balcony two years ago which rendered him deaf and mentally unsound.

Charles E. Underwood, of Fishers' Creek, Ind., made a flying visit to Indianapolis on his bicycle a few weeks ago, and visited Mr. Theodore Michael, at the large factory. He is doing very well, for he makes from twelve to twenty dollars per week.

On the 25th of March Rev. Job Turner turned up in Milledgeville, Georgia, in which place a visited seven poor deaf-mutes at the Georgia Lunatic Asylum. Four of them are all weak minded brothers. The same night he went southward.

The Noblesville Independent said that James I. Pennington and James A. Hall were arrested for robbing the post office at Lebanon, Ind. They were taken to Indianapolis by the United States Marshal, and placed under bonds. Pennington, \$100, Hall, who is deaf and dumb, \$500.

Rev. Charles Rockwell died in Albany, N. Y., where he was the chaplain of the Home for Aged Men, some four years ago. He lived with his son in Chatham, for sometime before going away. He was said to have been married twice. His first wife belonged in Chatham, Mass., but the second wife is still living.

That item which was clipped from the Elizabeth (N. J.) Falcon and appeared in last issue of the JOURNAL, relative to the deaf-mutes is no other than William C. Pick. He used to work in the same printing-office as the writer, but left to take up peddling, but found the dogs too much for him, so now William is back to his former job and thinks himself a wiser man.

The Committee would be pleased if any of the deaf-mute ladies would contribute some little things for the Grab boxes to be given at the masquerade for the benefit of the Gallaudet Fund. Grab will be sold for 10, 10 and 15 cents. Admission only 35 cents, including supper. Every one should be present, as no one can find fault when they can have admission. Fun and supper for 35 cents.

The election for permanent officers of the St. Joseph Union of Deaf-Mutes, of Brooklyn, took place March 28th, in their rooms, in St. Charles School house, with the following result: J. F. Donnelly, President; Dennis Sullivan, Vice-President; William Ennis, Secretary, Miss A. E. Robins, Treasurer. These with Miss M. K. Lowry, Miss Rosa Lackay and W. J. Reilly, form an Executive Committee.

The Case of Minnie Pancoast.

Julien T. Davies to-day applied to Judge Lawrence, in Supreme Court Chambers, for the appointment of a guardian ad litem of Minnie Pancoast Van Dorn, the deaf-mute, who was last week adjudged to be of unsound mind. As the application was not opposed it was granted. This step has undoubtedly been taken for the purpose of protecting her rights in the suit which is now pending for the annulment of her marriage.—*Evening Post, March 23.*

"A headless man had a letter to write, Those who read it had lost their sight, Deaf were those who listened and heard, And the dumb repeated it word for word."

—The Queen.

present there is no need for apprehension; but should the country be embroiled in trouble, or should some Congressman, under a false idea of economy create an opposition, it might not only seriously hamper the College but even, under a less energetic head than our present, altogether cripple it. If some philanthropist, in doubt as to how he could best render the world a valuable service, should take it into his head to give say two million dollars for the maintenance of the College, he would build an imperishable monument to himself, and might rest assured that he had done a good thing.

The Vesper tennis club held a semi-annual meeting this morning, and elected Mr. Cloud, President; Mr. Barret, Vice president; Mr. Berg, Sec. Treasurer; Mr. Dantzer, Captain, and Messrs. Lipsett and Washburn members of the Executive committee. The playing property of the club is in good order, and as soon as the ground and weather permits we can expect to see the campus present an even more lively appearance than now.

SCRAPS.

Mr. Washburn made a short visit to Philadelphia on Saturday last, returning Monday.

Mrs. Chickering gives a party to a few friends this evening.

Mr. Benedict, the well-known New York jeweller, and his daughter Lilian, visited the College on Thursday in company with Miss Susie Benedict.

Mr. Humphrey, a middle-aged deaf-mute shoemaker of Washington, died at Providence hospital on Tuesday last.

Mr. Kerney thinks of teaching the young idea next year. He has received a favorable offer from an institution west of us and has its acceptance under consideration.

Several Omaha Indians, who have been calling on the great father to get relief from their troubles with Indian agents, visited the College on Monday. They seemed especially amused at a lively set to with boxing gloves between two students in the gymnasium.

A number of the students witnessed Lawrence Barrett's play of Hamlet at Albion on Thursday, and were very favorably impressed by his abilities as an actor.

The old stage room will be used as a gymnasium for the girls of the Kendall School.

Mr. Adams has marked off the floor and has prepared a combination of exercises to be used. The apparatus will consist of light wooden dumb-bells, Indian clubs and wands.

The memorial tablet to Mr. Lyons has been put up in the hall leading from the college to the chapel just on the left of the entrance to the chapel. It is of white marble, 13x20 inches, with a gilt border and inscription of

ROBERT S. LYONS,

OBITUARY.

1885.

It is neatly set in the stone, and looks quite ornamental. The whole cost was \$16.

Prof. Gordon has had the manual alphabet printed in the form of neat little pamphlets containing one letter on each page. The letters are like those recently published in the *Annals*, but are printed from new and better plates. All are engraved from photographs of three different persons' hands; and being the result of careful study and comparison of various persons' modes of making the letters, are doubtless the best authority extant. He proposes to sell the first edition at 3 cents a copy, which is considerably less than cost; and the price for future editions will be five cents a copy.

If the present railroad war continues during the summer, would it not be a good plan for some of those who are going to California, who are not provided with very large purses, but who would not object to an extra week of sight seeing, provided it could be done without extra expense, to return by sea? We do not know exactly how much it takes to go to California by rail; but once there, the return might be made by way of Panama. The cabin rate between New York and San Francisco by the Pacific mail line is only \$40, which includes meals, berths and everything; and this trip down the Pacific coast across the Isthmus and up the Atlantic to New York requires only about twelve days or two weeks. Such a trip we should think very pleasant, especially if a small party were formed. On the sea the heat even of the southern latitudes would not be particularly oppressive; touching occasionally at a port would enliven the voyage; there is more comfort in sea than land traveling, and any one who has made a sea voyage can make his own comparisons between that and sitting five days in a railway car.

FRANK FRYXELL.

March 27, 1886.

Notice.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet expects to meet the Troy society of Deaf-Mutes on Saturday evening, April 17th, and to conduct the monthly services in West Troy and Albany on Sunday, April 18. Deaf-Mutes can be presented for Confirmation in St. Paul's Church, Albany, on Sunday, April 18th, at 7:30 P.M. Those desiring to be confirmed will please write to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, 9 W. 18th St., New York City.

Services in the signs will be held, God willing, on Sunday, April 4th, as follows:—At 12 M., the Holy Communion will be interpreted in Christ Church, Brooklyn, E. D.

At 3 P.M. Service in St. Ann's Chapel, Clinton Street, between Livingston and Joralemon, South Brooklyn.

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A London Anecdote.

A few years ago an immense anecdote was received at the gardens in Regent's Park, brought in a barrel on board a steamer from Central America to Liverpool, and forwarded thence by rail. This reptile is the largest of the serpent tribe, inhabiting the swamps of tropical America, and sometimes attaining a length of thirty or forty feet, it may be much more. It is one of the constrictors—that is non-venomous, and kills its prey, like the boa and python, by crushing it within the convolutions of its powerful body. In the British Museum there is a fine stuffed specimen, about thirty feet long, represented in the act of seizing, though not constricting, a peccary.

The subject of my tale measured twenty-three feet in length, and in girth was equal to the circumference of a man's thigh—a formidable customer, capable of swallowing a sheep.

Prepared for his reception, with the floor duly graveled, and a tank with water, Den No. 3, on the left-hand side of the reptile house, counting from the entrance door, was allotted to him; and within the cage is a stunted tree, up which these large serpents are wont to climb. The top of the cage unscrewed, the creature was allowed to find his way into the cage through the small aperture behind.

Roaming about in the full enjoyment of his new found liberty, he presently turned round between the tree and the front of the cage—a space of several feet—in such a way that the bright of his body—to use a seafaring expression—lay within this space.

Here, feeling the contact of the glass on one side and the other, he suddenly expanded his coil, probably in the sheer luxury of being able to stretch himself, and pushed the front of the cage out! Not simply the glass itself, which was not broken, but the heavy framework in which it is fixed, was forced away from its connection with the surrounding beams. Hereupon several of the spectators had the presence of mind to rush forward and catch the snake before it could fall to the floor. In this way they supported it as well as they could with hands and knees until fresh assistance arrived, for the weight was too great for them to lift it back into position again; while the reptile inside, excited by the shouting and commotion, was dashing about furiously in all directions.

This scattered the gravel about; and it was then found impossible to return the frame into its proper place, as the groove was choked with small stones. Mr. Frank Buckland, aided now by a number of men from all part of the Gardens, still kept the glass from descending, while the keeper and carpenter, who got into the cage from behind, having thrown some blankets over the snake and pushed him into a corner, proceeded to scrape away the gravel. But the anecdote, now thoroughly engaged, contrived to extricate his head from the covering, and before the men could escape, flew at the carpenter and seized him by the shoulder. The keeper courageously turned, gripped the serpent by the throat, and forced him to let go, but not until the unfortunate man's arm was terribly lacerated by the terrible lance-like teeth.

Luckily, the door of the reptile-house had been locked when the first contempts took place, so that no casual visitors were witnesses of the scene; otherwise, fainting women and horror-stricken men would doubtless have added to its confusion. By this time the groove was clear, and the frame temporarily secured, so that the carpenter made good his exit, while the keeper, watching his opportunity, flung the creature from him and jumped out.

But it afterwards became very tame and tractable, and I established very friendly relations with it. Many a time have I stood at the door with Holland, the keeper, and allowed it to rear its great black-spotted head out of the tank till it flickered its tongue against my face, while I patted its shining scales with my affection. Toward Holland it was most affectionate, and would always come up to the grated ventilator to see him when he was sweeping out the passage behind, though it took no notice of the people in front. Snakes take strong likes and dislikes to people, often unaccountably. Holland was one of the kindest and most intelligent keepers that ever handled a reptile, and could generally win anything's confidence; yet there was—and probably is still—a West African python, some sixteen feet long, in the house, that positively conceived a murderous hatred of him. Why this should be so, neither he nor any one else could ever understand; but it is a fact that this python at feeding-times would sit up close by the door and wait, not for the ducks and rabbits, but for him!—*Chambers' Journal.*

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NEW YORK.

War Scenes.

HO! FOR WASHINGTON.

Minor Matters.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

We have more than once been led to wonder during the past ten years at the rapid progress made in the facilities offered for the quick transit of passengers from one point of the city to another, have also wondered when sitting for our photograph to know we have been taken as "Quick as a wink," but "shelp me 'Hypo'" to find oneself on the illustrious battle-ground of Hampton Roads after leaving a rendezvous in the vicinity of Union Square only two hours previous, is indeed a transit worthy of the rapid ignity of the men of our times.

How it was accomplished will doubtless perplex many, and were it not for a feeling of safety as to the solidity of the ground on which we stood, and the wonderment expressed in the fingers and faces of our companion—the late "hero" of the New England Banquet—"Hypo" himself, we are afraid that it was really true, little would be left of us at this time to explain just "how it was done."

To facilitate matters and bring the reader to the scene, we will explain by saying that "Hypo" and myself boarded the front platform of a Broadway car, stepped off at Fifty-Ninth Street, wended our way east, till we reached a massive structure, which, if it were not that it was built of brick, would impress one as being a monster gasometer.

In this structure has been exhibited for the past six months a truly wonderful panorama of the famous naval battle between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*, in Hampton Roads, in the Spring of '62. On entering, we measured our way through a dark passage, stumbled instead of walking up a dozen steps, and stood on a platform with a view before us superior to any we have ever seen that emanated from the use of the painter's brush.

From a catalogue, for which you pay five cents, you are led to suppose you stand in the center of the scene which surrounds you, and which describes in briefs the different points of view presented to the eye.

To the North and North West one has a view of Newport News, Camp Butler, with earthworks and heavy guns in action. A little to the North-East is to be seen the portrait of that gallant old commander, General Mansfield, and staff, who have just arrived on the scene.

To the east in the far distance is noticed Fortress Monroe, and to the South, Southeast, and Southwest are vivid pictures of the contest between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*, the burning of the *Cumberland*, surrounded at respectful distances with other lesser Federal and Confederate ships.

It were impossible for us to give anywhere near an exact description of the scene as it appears to the observer. The platform on which you stand is raised about twelve feet from the ground. The ground itself is real earth, and the executors of the work have done their part so well that it would be difficult, for even an experienced eye to detect just where earth and canvas meet.

Strewn about are relics of a battle-field in the way of broken gun-wheels, axle-trees, chains, dead horses and wounded soldiers and sailors being attended with assistance. A deserted camp, which seems to have been but lately occupied from the steam which can be seen issuing from a pot on a camp-fire that has apparently been forgotten in the excitement of the hour, tends to impress reality on the mind of the spectator.

The impression produced on a person after leaving the building is sometimes laughable, if a dig in the ribs from our companion, with the query "are you alive or painted?" may be taken as an example.

To those who have not seen it, we would say, "don't delay," as it is a sight truly wonderful, and if our young friends studying history at Fanwood, could induce their teachers to have their class go, we will vouch for it, they will be the gainers in knowledge that will compensate for an afternoon's recess from the class-room.

Although we did not inquire, we are of the opinion reasonable terms could be made if a large party should attend at a time, by addressing the Manager, A. LePrince, Merrimac and Monitor Panorama Co., cor Madison Avenue and 59th Street.

HO, FOR WASHINGTON!

We expected it, and it has come at last. At the adjournment of the C. L. and B. U.'s business last Thursday, Mr. J. F. Donnelly proposed a temporary organization be started for the purpose of raising sufficient funds to aid those who have any desire to attend the National Convention in 1888.

His plan was adopted, and Mr. J. F. O'Brien was chosen temporary chairman; Mr. Donnelly, Sec'y.

It was suggested a meeting be called on the evening of April 6th, and that every mute in the city, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, who have any desire to interest themselves be requested to attend. Mr. Tresch kindly offering

the free use of his studio that evening. It is during the Convention season that the Gallaudet monument will be unveiled. So it will be worth while for the New Yorkers to be represented in numbers as high as they will in amount collected towards the fund.

The rules and regulations controlling the project will be left until after a permanent organization has been formed. Those mutes who in any way have reason to believe they will or hope to be able to attend the convention, would do well to attend this meeting, and come prepared, if they sign their names, to deposit the necessary 25 cents required of each as the first installment. The projectors mean business, not for the benefit of themselves, but for all who may desire to find a convenient and easy way of paying their fare to Washington in 1888.

The meeting will be held in the studio of Mr. J. F. J. Tresch, Room H, 1267 Broadway, New York City, at 8 p.m., sharp, on Tuesday evening, April 6th.

We think a like project has long since been in existence in Philadelphia, and that it is meeting with gratifying success. So, New Yorkers, look to your laurels, and see if you cannot make as good, if not a better turn-out when the Convention comes round.

BRIEF REMARKS.

Mr. Joseph Bruthi, of Philadelphia, is to enter into an "as-long-as-I-live contract" with one of our Harlem beauties, Miss Sondberg. Success to him and to his to be bride.

Theodore I. Lounsbury has been called to Stamford, to the position of foreman of a composing room of a rustic contemporary.

A lecture will be delivered for the benefit of the Guild on the 13th inst., by Prof. E. H. Carrier, of the New York Institution. The subject is:—"The North American Indians, their customs, etc." General admission, 25 cents; orchestra chairs, 30cents. It would do you a heap of good to attend, as it promises to be interesting, and is for Charity's sake.

Pach Bros. have the contract for the Gallaudet Club's portrait. Guggenheimer's moustache is to be taken in plaster and copyrighted.

It was rumored some time ago, that the Manhattan Literary Association would hereafter admit all comers to their meetings. We have attended several of late, but were met with barred doors that even the magic "Open Sesame" could not budge. "We mourn our loss."

Snooks has been so anxious for us to mention him, that we feel obliged to state he is one of a Committee to superintend the affairs of a select social party to be held the week following Easter.

Verily, we smiled on reading the report of the late New England Banquet. We were not aware the rent of halls in Boston was on a par with that of New York City, and the idea of giving a caterer \$75, is, in our opinion, altogether preposterous. The poorest lecture given in this city for the fund generally exceeds the receipts recorded. The expenses of the entertainment given on December 29th, exceeded that of the New England affairs by several dollars, and came out in profit very near to \$170. But it is not for us to interfere. Still, the committee knows, Hey?

Barnum, and Jumbo in undress, have taken the city as being "The largest, most complete, etc." he has yet exhibited. It is the same old story, but still interesting, as a visit generally proves.

Last Sunday's *Mercury* had two lines stating that a deaf-mute amateur company were to give a representation of "Hamlet" in London shortly. What is the matter with our New York actors?

A description of a personage answering the name of "Coalman" we would be pleased to have, as his or her acquaintance is earnestly desired.

MONTAGE TIG.

BALTIMORE.

OUR FUTURE PROSPECTS.

For some time past, there seems to have been inconvenience and unsatisfactory results in regard to holding social entertainments at the residences of parties who are always likely to be surprised, owing to the smallness of the rooms, which certainly are unable to accommodate so large a crowd. A plan is proposed to properly remedy this difficulty, and should it prove successful may continue at intervals for a long period. The chief agitator from my best knowledge, is Mr. John E. Ramsay. He has held a consultation with the parties personally acquainted with him to secure a hall elaborately arranged and of a very suitable character. His suggestion has met with approval, and hopes are entertained that it will be brilliantly carried out. The first social will be given in the early part of May. Gentlemen desiring to take part in this entertainment, are respectfully requested to contribute \$2 each towards it, but every lady escorted is admitted free of charge. A band of music will be in attendance. The room will be large enough to accommodate a little over two hundred persons, and so lovers of dancing can indulge in the "light fantastic" to their hearts' content, which for so long a time has been impossible at deaf-mute socials. They will find it a great pleasure in this spacious room, amply provided with the requisites the most fastidious may desire. An extraordinary supper will not be forgotten.

A DEAF CANDIDATE EXAMINED FOR CLERKSHIP.

In speaking of the Civil Service Examination for clerkship in the Balti-

more Post Office, the following has been clipped from the *Evening News*:

Among those examined was a young gentleman named David S. Gittings, who, while he can talk fluently and plainly, cannot hear. His examination was granted by the board at Washington by special request. He can understand the speech of others by the movement of their lips. Mr. Gittings is a competent scholar, and the only part of the examination that he could not understand was the dictation. This was given to him by a friend, Mr. Arnold Waters, and, considering that all eyes were upon him and the nervousness naturally attending such an examination, he did remarkably well.

BRIEF REMARKS.

Your correspondent while walking down town saw a mute, not of this city, whose name could not be ascertained, talking with a peddler, who was once abused by the Salvation Army and remarked, "They preach about Salvation, and I sell Salvation tooth-ache cure and Salvation lightning cure," in a similar way every mute talks in signs to a speaking person.

Mr. R. E. Underwood, one of "Anti Rep's" comrades in type-setting, contemplates joining the Baltimore Typographical Union No. 12, as your scribe had, and leave the "rat" offices to enjoy a salary sixteen times better than the "rats" can afford.

Mr. Wm McElory and "Anti Rep" were down the road two Sundays ago, "not to paint the whole country red," but to pay a flying visit to old friends. Both are St. John men. It had been raining hard the other day, and when both arrived home they were studded with pearls and rubies.

Mr. Friederich gave a birthday party in honor of his wife on Friday, the 12th, and a good gathering and enjoyable time was reported.

More Anon.

Yours Truly,

ANTI-REP.

March 29, 1886.

Gaylord P. Bonney.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—I write to inform you of the death of Gaylord P. Bonney, a deaf-mute, my only son, at my home in Rome, Mich., of Cerebro Spinal Meningitis. He died March 4th, 1886, in his thirty-eighth year. He suffered terribly for several weeks. He said he should die, from the commencement of his sickness and would find his mother and older brother and little baby half brother in the other world. He seemed a pitiful, hapless, silent life. He departed just as the sun's first rays began to glint the eastern horizon, and we hope a brighter morning dawned upon him than ever before, where there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying nor any more pain, where his ears will be opened to the sweet sounds of the heavenly worlds and his tongue loosed. His hands, with which he communicated to us in the silent language, were peacefully folded across his breast by his only sister, for his last resting, and his place is vacant forever. Rev. H. F. Cochrane, the Baptist minister here, preached the funeral sermon from Mark 7: 37. He spoke of the wonderful tenderness of the Saviour to the unfortunate ones, when he was upon earth. Of the influence such persons had upon those with whom they associated. Of the work God had for them to do, whether poor, weak, deaf, blind, or deformed. All had a life work to do, and they would not be called till their life work was accomplished. He said God did not require as much of those deprived of hearing as of those with all their senses. The Saviour only took the deaf man spoken of in the text aside, requiring no faith nor promise of any kind, and He doeth all things well. My son was educated at Flint, Mich., and was taken with spinal disease in the winter of his eighth and last year of study, and left in the spring before his term was completed, with poor health. He had been a subscriber to your paper a number of years, and I have found many excellent things in the JOURNAL.

LEVI BONNEY.

A Bad Precedent.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—Every friend of the Gallaudet Memorial will read with pain and regret the statement of receipts and disbursements made by the managers of the Boston Levee in your last issue.

Here was raised a handsome sum—\$265. But out of it, more than one third went for hall rent, as much more for eating and drinking, more than one sixth for things not named, and nearly all the rest for traveling expenses, etc. There was left only a beggarly pittance.

This handsome sum was raised for the Memorial, but it has been spent for pleasures and "sundries."

If a dozen friends of the memorial had met at the house of one of them, they would in ten minutes have raised more for the cause than it will get from this great meeting. If this meeting had been held in a church or school house, which could probably have been had free, or even in a private house, without costly refreshments, it would have given the fund ten times the sum that it has.

Now, this is written in the kindest spirit to the Boston people. They took what seemed to them the best means, and they were entitled to praise for the energy and success with which they carried it out.

But, while a social success, it has proved a lamentable failure as a plan to raise money. It ought to teach a good lesson to all who have the cause at heart. Let us have no more of these costly meetings in connection with the fund. They are pleasant indeed, but when they are called in the name of the memorial, it is practically the memorial that pays their long roll of expenses.

If half the time and energy given to them can be spent in gathering subscriptions, the sum of '88 will surely shine upon the completed statue and upon the happy faces of the deaf who will assemble around it.

PUBLICUS.

LOWELL, MASS.

About three or four weeks ago, Hypo wrote an account of the Boston Levee with a topic something like this "dollars and deaf-mutes pouring in," thought it was not his fault, as any body would naturally do have thought the same. Of course it pleased the deaf-mutes of New England, as most of them were educated in a school founded by Rev Thomas H. Gallaudet, to whose monumental fund, the Boston Levee expected to present a pretty large sum. But to their surprise, through the last issue containing a financial report of the Levee, we find only a little over seven dollars is to go to the Fund. Besides that, the manager, Mr. Holmes, who selected himself as Treasurer, seemed to be trying to make an excuse, by adding the proceeds of previous entertainments, not under his management, making in all about \$17. But for the manager's extravagance and recklessness, which both seem to be his natural habits, he could have made several times as much.

On the evening of the 18th inst., at eight o'clock, Mr. Mayberry, standing in the midst of merry makers, rapped on the floor, not with a hammer, but with his big foot, calling them to order, and they all suddenly were turned into silence. Calling Mr. James V. Nelson to stand before him, he asked him if he knew the object of the gathering. The latter did not know it was for anything but pleasure. Mr. Mayberry thereupon presented him with thirteen dollars, in behalf of the deaf-mutes in this city, as well as hearing persons. Mr. Nelson was surprised, and thanked him for it. Dancing and parlor games were then played till almost midnight. Refreshments and ice cream furnished by the subscribers were distributed.

Among the deaf-mutes were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rowe, of Lawrence, and Mr. Harry E. Babbitt, who was unexpectedly received, and was the clown of that evening.

Two days previous to the party, Mr. J. V. Nelson was caught in a machine by a belt about six inches wide, and through his presence of mind, he stood back firmly holding his hands against the machine, while it was devouring his clothes slowly until there was almost nothing on his body. Thus escaping with his own life fairly. There was nobody at the scene, and he whistled, calling nearly all the hands to the spot, and they naturally laughed, because he looked funny with nothing but a shirt half torn and saturated with blood from a bruise on his head, but they still sympathized with him. One of them loaned him a pair of overalls, which he wore home. He returned to work an hour afterward.

On the following Saturday, Mr. Nelson bought a good suit of clothes with the money he was presented, and wore them at the hall the following Wednesday, and the subscribers seemed pleased with the clothes. He is known to be a neat and careful man, and we hope he may preserve them well for a long time.

Mr. Babbitt staid over night with "Habbe," and was shown through the Lowell Carpet Mills by the latter's uncle, in which he took a deep interest. He left for Boston in the afternoon of the same day.

Mr. Samuel Rowe was the preacher of last Sunday, and judging from what the listeners said, the sermon was a very good one.

Mr. M. J. O'Neil has applied for dissolution of the Kennel business, owing to the death of the Kennel. Meanwhile he had a large basket full of letters from all parts of New England, applying for prices and further particulars, for which he confounded Habbe, as the latter was the cause of it, by advertising in this paper.

Mr. J. W. Soper was in the Hall last Sunday for the first time in a long time. He has been sick in bed fourteen days. He will be able to work to-day.

HUBBIE.

3-29-86.

Mr. Strong's Explanation.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Prompted by a most laudable desire to correct an apparent oversight on my part, the gentleman from Washington comes forward and kindly points out the error of my objections. It is quite amusing to read his rather gratuitous information, which, by the way, so far from clearing the Committee from blame, gives my objections yet greater force.

My "thoughtful attention" is called to the resolutions read at the Second National Convention, and he assures me that they vest the committee with all the authority necessary in the case. Now had these resolutions been adopted by the convention, such action would certainly have settled the matter beyond dispute; but, unfortunately, the resolutions were not adopted. There seem to be a good many things, which the gentleman "cannot see," and among them are the facts in the case. Had he been at the convention, or even given the report of the proceedings, "thoughtful attention," he would have discovered that, when the resolutions had been read, "Mr. Bond moved that the letter and resolutions be placed in the minutes," which was seconded and adopted. This placing of the resolu-

tions upon the minutes did not constitute a formal adoption; it was simply an acknowledgment of their having been received and read by the convention, and nothing more. If we wanted any greater proof of this fact, we have it in the subsequent action of the convention, which did not indicate any particular deference to the purpose of the resolutions. No bronze medals have been struck as required by the resolutions; instead of a committee of fifteen, there is a committee of eighteen, and thus far they have not styled themselves the "Gallaudet Centennial Commission;" I have not yet read of a resident executive committee, and, in fine, the resolutions not having been adopted, the Committee have not the full power claimed by the gentleman from Washington.

However, I did not lay any great stress as to the authority of the Committee in the matter. My main objection was to making any arrangements for the Statue before the greater part of the required amount has been collected, and I still hold that with but a total of \$355.46 in the Treasurer's hands, it is folly to begin considering plans and specifications. True, other sums have been collected, but even these, I am sure, do not bring the total up to \$3,000, where \$8,000 is needed.

The Committee have been at work nearly three years, and have not much to show for it, simply because they have not acted in the way to win the confidence of the masses of the deaf throughout the country. Let them just now give less attention to the details of the model for the statue, and direct their energies to the completion of the fund, and the result will astonish them, if they will bear in mind that they are a Committee of the National Association.

In this connection, it rather surprises me to find how well informed the gentleman from Washington is concerning the doings of the Committee. He is not a member of the convention, and yet he seems to know more than members do. I can sympathize with Mr. Bond; for beyond what I can pick up in the deaf-mute press, I know absolutely nothing as to the doings of the Committee.

THOS. F. FOX.

N. Y., March 30, '86.

The Mint's Visitors.

"Do-blind people ever come to see the Mint?" ejaculated one of the old Mint "conductors," in a surprised tone. "Of course they do. They come alone, in couples—the blind leading the blind"—and once in awhile they come with some one who can see.

Not only from this city, but from other points. Why, some of them come from the country, and to see the way they patter up the stone steps, with their canes, you would think they didn't mind going anywhere.

They all tell us they come to see the Mint. They don't allow they are only here to feel the ingots, coins and tools, and hear the whirr of the machinery, but talk as if they had as good sight as you or I, and we have to talk back to them in the same way.

"Frinstance. Suppose we are in the rolling room; we give them a twelve-inch ingot of silver in their hands and say: 'You see it is smooth metal now and about a foot long. But over there in the corner where you see those rolling machines, and we point to the machines as if they were plain sight to 'em—they roll these ingots out thinner. When they are done rolling them they may be a yard long, but they will be only two inches wide, just as now.'

"It's just the same in all the rooms. When we get to the coining-room, we hand them a piece of smooth, round metal, just as it is out of the ingot. They tell us they see it isn't stamped. Then we give them a dollar, as it drops, newly coined from the press. They tell us they 'see' it is money, and when we have shown them all there is to show in the Mint, they generally halt at the door and tell us they want to 'see' something more."

The gray-haired usher said that his blind guests were wonderfully quick in "catching on." The comprehend explanations, and seem to grasp the idea of how all the machines work. When taken to the treasure-room, when the guide points to the heap of gold and says, "There are twenty million dollars' worth of metal," they reply, "Ah! Oh, yes," just as if it was in their plain sight.

"When I first came here," said the veteran guide of the Mint, "there were people who struck me as a sight queerer than blind folks—deaf-mutes. "One day, soon after I got my place in the Mint, a couple of fashionably dressed girls waltzed up the steps; and I opened the door, bowed and let them into the reception room. "What can I do for you?" says I. "Each clapped a finger on her right ear. I sort of smiled and said: 'From the country? They shook their heads and smiled. Then I smiled—laughed right out. One of them snatched a book from her pocket and wrote in it: 'We are mutes and want to see how money is made!'

"You might have knocked me over with a feather. "Mutes are frequent and intelligent visitors to the Mint—only a little troublesome, as they write down all their questions and have to ask us to write the answers under them. The deaf mutes go in with other people, who can hear and talk, and are usually the most intelligent, because the most interested of any of the visitors. The rush of the great machines and the display of enormous power witnessed all around them seems to always appal them, for they invariably make

a point to keep very close to the side of the guide."—*Phila. News.*

The Death of the Venerable Thomas Brown.

The mute community of New Hampshire as well as others in all the parts of the country were startled to hear of the death of Thomas Brown, well known as "Old Tom Brown," of West Henniker, Tuesday, March 23d. His family, especially Prof. Thos. L., a prominent mute teacher at the school at Flint, Mich., who was telegraphed for to come to his father's sick bed, have our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement. Hon. Cogswell, a prominent citizen of Henniker, and also a most intimate friend of Old Tom, has justly named him the "mute Cincinnati" of America.

Mr. Brown, it is understood, died easily of bilious fever and some complaints in his body, caused by his great age, and was conscious to the last. His last word was that, he made a sign for his only son, Thos. L., just after he bade his last farewell to his speaking wife.

The only coincidence was that his first mute wife spoke her last word for her son, Thos. L., in the same manner. Thos. L. was the idol of the family.

The funeral took place at the home-stand, Thursday, March 25th. The writer noticed Messrs. Gore, J. Wilkins and wife, Mrs. Wm. B. Swett, of Beverly, Ellis and wife, Mitchell Swett and his sister Sophia, A. C. Kellom, A. Owen, A. Smith and also a large assembly of relatives and friends excepting Prof. Thomas L. Mrs. Swett rode seventeen miles in company with Mitchell and Sophia, despite the bad roads, to take the last look at their departed friend.

Rev. Mr. Allen, of the Congregational Church, officiated at the funeral service, and several hymns were sung. He made a beautiful tribute to Thos. Brown. His peculiar simplicity of speech, which did not speak from his unstopped tongue, but his mind, was the especial theme of the sermon.

It is too well known to mention here. He always wielded a quill, which his articles in the JOURNAL showed.

To memorialize it, a quill was put between his first and second fingers, when laid in the casket forever. His grave reposes by that of his first wife. The interment took place in Henniker. Unfortunately Hon. Cogswell was sick abed, so that he could not be present to take his last look at his favorite departed friend. Mr. Thos. Brown was eighty-two years and twenty-six days old, born on Feb. 25th, 1804, instead of March 25th, as incorrectly published in the last issue.

Willie E. White, Secretary of the G. S. D. M. Mission for the present year, has been instructed to fill the vacant place of the President of the Mission, caused by his death, agreeably to the tenth article in the constitution, until the next regular meeting, thus holding two offices for the present.

The "Daughters of Mary."

At all the masses at St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church in East Twenty-eighth street yesterday the announcement was made that an institution for the education of deaf-mutes has been opened at Fordham, in the annexed district, and that a branch of the same has also been opened at Throgg's Neck, in Westchester, not far from the Catholic Protectors. Both the main institution and its branch (one being for boys and the other for girls) are under the care of a Catholic religious order of sisters or nuns, known as the "Daughters of Mary," or "Religious of the Holy Heart of Mary;" and the institution itself is incorporated under the name of the "St. Joseph's Institute for Deaf-Mutes." Every pupil sent there is educated at the expense of the city or State, there being no charge made to parents or guardians for either board or tuition. Further particulars, the Rev. Dr. McGlynn said, could be had by applying to any of the priests at the pastoral residence of St. Stephen's Church, No. 142 East Twenty-ninth Street, in the city. There is also another branch of the same institution (all three being incorporated as one) at No. 510 Henry Street, in Brooklyn, but the main establishment is located at Fordham, near St. John's College, where Miss Mary B. Morgan is the resident principal or mother superior.

The "Daughters of Mary," or "Religious of the Holy Heart of Mary," are a community that was formed during the French revolution in France, about a century ago, when it was extremely dangerous for either priest or nun to appear in any of the public streets or institutions there. The new order was composed of devout and heroic ladies, who, while organizing as a regular religious community, with strict monastic rules, etc., under the approbation of the Holy See, adopted no distinctive uniform or habit of its own, but dressed like ordinary women in the world, in order that the members, who also retained their names, might go about visiting the sick in the hospital and elsewhere unobserved without being recognized as nuns. The community has since spread not only throughout France but to many other parts of the world, including the United States—having houses or convents in New York City, Brooklyn, Burlington, Vt.; Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago and elsewhere in this country—but the religious continue to dress like ordinary women, consequently they cannot be distinguished from the world.—*New York Herald*, March 29, 1886.

COLORADO.

California Fever.

DRAUGHTS.

(From our Colorado Correspondent.)

Concerning "Old Sport" in the JOURNAL of March 18th, the item was intended to convey the idea that he was "just as able a paragrapher as any one of us."

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chaney are back from their pilgrimage to Ohio, and are now holding for that Montrose. Frank is a capital fellow.

E. S. Beetle may be addressed at Denver. Cactus refers to this fellow as the "Wandering Jew." If Beetle does not resent this wanton disparagement of his title, he is not the man we take him for. Cactus is sallow and weak. Beetle is ruddy and robust. Go for him, Beetle.

Prof. R. P. McGregor, of Columbus, O., made a sale of his residence property at Colorado Springs through his agent recently. Consideration, \$1,700.

A deaf-mute, whose name we can not learn, was robbed of \$125 in cash and some valuable papers a short time ago, in a gambling den at Salida, while on a glorious spree. He is supposed to be a tenderfoot hailing from Chicago.

Mr. Hugh M. Harbert, the party who pilots the *Index* at Colorado Springs, was in Pueblo on the 13th inst., to attend to some business of a private nature and returned home the same evening. Mr. Harbert has a large acquaintance in Pueblo, and as no man ever knew him, who didn't like him and respect him, he got all the welcome there that one man could well handle.

Orange Kennedy is about to start a fruit and cigar store of his own at Pueblo. This is a business venture that is certain to pay, and Kennedy's extensive acquaintance with the populace will come in good play.

J. W. Beaton went over to the depot this noon to take the train for Silverton, but he was just in time to see the smoke of the engine in the far distance speeding along towards the mountains.

W. D. Cameron, the dumb peddler, has been at it again. This time it was chickens, and they came from the Sherman Hotel, of Denver, before being served to the guests, but he guessed he could take the chickens to peddle, and now languishes in jail, and, unless he gets tired and crawl out, will await the return of Judge Rogers from the Pacific coast, who will probably consign him to a hashery where less elaborate meals are served than at the Sherman hotel.

Somebody has hinted that "Solid Muldoon" is a semi-mute aged forty years, graduated at Frederick City, Md. Guess he is about correct. P. S.—The venerable Ben. D. Pettengill, of Philadelphia has our permission to explain our identification. Oh! that map stick.

"Carl N. Hemans, deaf-mute, Chicago," is the unpretentious name it reads on the register of the Occidental Hotel at Denver.

The railroad war is still on. Only ten dollars from Chicago to San Francisco. The rush of specials with nabobs and their families abroad on the roads is immensely heavy, and the crowds of tourists in both directions show no signs of diminution. Also the rate from San Francisco to Chicago or Kansas City is from only five dollars to ten dollars and twenty dollars. The palatial Pullman and the less pretentious emigrant sleepers are crowded on every train, and the unkempt, unshaved, dirty-shirted individual who has rustled up a few dollars in Chicago with his simple head completely turned with dazzling fables of the golden state, munches his crackers and cheese within a few feet of where the bland, bald headed and bediamonded aristocrat from Cincinnati in the Pullman nibbles at his chicken lunches. Nearly every type of man, civilized and half civilized, and women too, can be seen in the great throng of people rushing coastward by Denver and Pueblo, since the war began, "some in rags, some in tags, and some in velvet gowns." To see California is the dream of the rich and poor alike, but the best way to retain a good opinion of that state and die believing that it is an earthly paradise, is to keep out of sight of it and get all your information from books.

SOLID MULDOON.

3-24-'86.

A Mute Saddle Nly Talks.

THE JINGOLE OF SILVER COIN RESTORES A DEAF AND DUMB MAN.

MACON, Ga., March 27.—An old Confederate, worn out with "war's dread alarms," concluded he would have a little rest and reported that he had been struck deaf and dumb by a shell bursting over his head. Everybody sympathized with him, and he was straightway sent to the hospital.

A few days after his friends were surprised to see him back fully restored. Upon inquiry, he stated that upon reporting at the hospital, the surgeon seemed to doubt from the very first his malady, and resorted to every expedient to entrap him, but that he successfully maintained his assumed character and seemingly was about to triumph, when one of the surgeons approached him from the rear, holding in his hands a quantity of silver coin, and gave them a vigorous shake in close proximity to his ear.

The poor fellow had not heard that pleasant sound for years and it was irresistible. Involuntarily he turned his head and gave himself away, owned up and came back as jolly as ever.—*Morning Journal*, March 28.

FANWOOD.

A Distinguished French Visitor.

DELICATE SURGICAL OPERATION.

Social Reunion, and other Items.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

Mme. Henry Greville, the celebrated French authoress, honored the Institution with a visit last Friday. We hope to give an interesting sketch of her visit in next issue.

A delicate surgical operation was performed on Master Frei's last Saturday. Frei has been blind in one eye, and as the nature of it was such as to endanger the other one, if permitted to remain, it was necessary to remove it in order to save him the use of the other. The operation was performed by Dr. Riley, our Consulting Ophthalmologist and Otolologist, assisted by Drs. Alexander, our Attending Physician, and Herrick, our Consulting Physician. The eye was cut out while the boy was under the influence of ether, and required nearly an hour before the work was done.

The social reunion last Saturday evening was a very enjoyable one. The grand march, which was led off by Prof. T. F. Fox and Minnie Flint was the best that ever took place, and besides these other games were indulged in. Among those which seemed to attract the most attention was the game of mythology, which is as instructive as it is entertaining.

Ex-Supervisor Thimme, who secured employment as keeper in the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum, has left that place and become a sort of reporter or book-keeper on a certain paper in this city.

Miss Edith Ryer's birthday fell on Saturday, March 27th, and Mrs. Cooke's the following day. Both ladies are hearing supervisors. The former celebrated hers by a party at her home in Fort Washington on Friday evening, which was attended by a large circle of her friends.

Since the first appearance of Spring Mr. Brainerd has been paying much attention to beautifying the grounds in front of the Shop building. The services of an expert man have been secured, and from what we learn, its completion will surpass in grandeur the grounds previous to the moving of the Shop building. Another very important and necessary improvement to the building will be the proposed introduction of waterpipes, the absence of which has always been deeply felt by the employees connected with it.

The grounds that surround the new barn and stables have received such attention as will make it an attraction instead of an eyesore.

Arthur L. Thomas, the deaf-mute salesman of Rogers, Peet & Co., was here Sunday to see the boys. He sends self-measure charts to those anxious to invest in spring and summer outfits, and as he is a ready talker on that subject, shows his loyalty to the firm.

Mr. Lef, of Chicago, was at Fanwood last Saturday. We understand he is to remain in this city for three or four years.

Lewis Lyons attended the marriage ceremony of his friend at Irving Hall, 15th St. and Irving Place, last Sunday evening, March 28th, at 8 o'clock p. m., and had a good time.

Miss Annie Austin received a pleasant call from her father and sister Edith, last Sunday.

William B. Kohl, formerly a pupil of the High Class in the Columbia Institution at Washington, D. C., visited the Institution last Sunday with Herman Zorn.

Both "Ariel" and "Evangeline" have received a new coat of paint and will be launched the first opportunity. New stairs have been fixed to the south side of the Institution dock as a convenience to the First Class boys, but the question as to the safety of the "old tub," the "Evangeline," will first be investigated before they are permitted to use her.

Last Friday, Mr. U. G. Dunn lectured before the Peet Literary Society. His subject was "Dollars and Cents" and was very interesting. Mr. George H. Peet was present at the meeting, and made a few remarks. He afterwards expressed himself as much pleased with the way the members conducted themselves during the meeting.

Walter B. Peet has recovered from his illness, and is again resuming his duties in the class room.

AQUILA.

Massachusetts.

A deaf man, not one thousand miles from Springfield, who smile all the time, gives as a reason for doing so the fact that he is spared from listening to all the foolish things that people are continually saying. If he was blind also, so that he couldn't see the foolish things that people are doing, he would probably kill himself with laughter.

Miss Minnie Pancoast, of New York, who had been spending several days with her aunt in this city, was telegraphed to go to New York on Thursday afternoon. Her father died at 2 15 o'clock, that day. She has our sympathy.

Mr. J. Edwin Livingstone, who has been on the sick list for several days, is on the road to health.

Mrs. Page has returned from a week's visit, in Westfield.

The death of Thomas Brown, Esq. of West Hemiker, N. H., has caused

much talk among the people. The papers say that he was called the "Mute Cincinnatus of America."

"Hamden" was informed by the sheriff, who has George Morrison in custody for swindling, that the fellow will likely get out of the jail in May, because no one will make complaint. The complainant, Mr. Flynt, of Palmer, has died.

Miss Kate Miller, of Thompsonville, Ct., is in town, visiting friends.

HAMPDEN.

SPRINGFIELD, March 28.

Answer to Mr. Edmund Booth's Letter.

When I read in Mr. Booth's correspondence in your paper of a late issue that he had heard nothing of either Mr. Charles Rockwell or Mr. Ebenezer B. Adams for many years, I thought I must write to the JOURNAL, especially for his benefit, as to the whereabouts of the two gentlemen that Mr. B. mentioned.

As to Mr. C. Rockwell, I sometimes saw him visit the Institution at Hartford, Conn., in about 1876, but I have learnt nothing concerning his whereabouts since. Mr. Booth, if you desire to know his present whereabouts, you may inquire of his cousin's son, by addressing to Dr. Rockwell, Rockville, Conn. I got acquainted with the Doctor in 1881, in that thriving village, while I worked in a cotton mill there, and I thought he was a gentleman who was liked very much by all those who knew him.

As to Mr. Ebenezer B. Adams, while travelling for a Philadelphia publisher in the southern part of Connecticut, in the spring of 1884, I met his son at Green's Farm, on New York, New Haven Hartford R. R., near Westport, and learnt from him that his father used to teach in the deaf-mute school at Hartford many years ago, and had lived on that farm, where I met his son, for many years, until he died a few years before. His son managed his farm then, and his house was humble, but comfortable, spacious and pleasant. I also saw old Mr. Adams' wife, who still lived with her son there. I enjoyed their company very much indeed. His son was a very pleasant man, and seemed to be an active church member.

Nearly opposite his house was another, which was occupied by an old deaf-mute farmer, named Mr. Burr. Although he looked so old, he seemed to be a smart man, and his farm was nicely managed. He was educated in the New York Institution many years ago. He was married to a speaking niece of a deaf-mute.

They had two daughters (grown up) and one son, not one of whom was so unfortunate as their father. I cannot tell how he was related to Aaron Burr, who was the Vice President of the U. S., during Thomas Jefferson's first term, only that Aaron Burr's grandfather was the deaf-mute's father of the 7th or 8th generation (as far as I can remember now). The deaf-mute showed me a well-bound copy of the genealogy of the Burr family, and I was much interested in it. I learned therein that Aaron Burr's great-grandfather or great-grandfather came to Massachusetts from England and afterwards settled in Connecticut with some other Puritans. I also judged from the genealogy that many of the Burr family were prominent men, especially business men in New York City, Hartford, etc.

Yours sincerely,

R. N. PARSONS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Deaf and Dumb Performers of Shakespeare.

On Wednesday, March 4th, the South London Deaf and Dumb Dramatic Club gave a performance of *Hamlet*, at the Horns Assembly Rooms, Kensington Park. There was an audience of some six hundred persons, most of whom were deaf-mutes, as were also the attendants. The whole of the dialogue, which the actors signified by the usual deaf and dumb gestures, was interpreted by word of mouth by the treasurer of the club, who stood on a table on the right side of the proscenium. The effect of this double rendering was less tedious than might have been expected. This relief, however, was partly due to the fact that the worthy interpreter was not very well up in his Shakespeare, or he would scarcely have said: "Lay not the flattering unicorn to my soul," ("unicorn" for "unction"). The scenes between Hamlet (Mr. Mazine) and the ghost (Mr. Wells) were very creditable, but of course these mute actors are heavily weighted by the fact that their hands have to do double duty. They are both busily employed in forming the letters of the deaf and dumb alphabet, and also serve the purposes of gesture. In the scene we have engraved the ghost is saying (in deaf-mutes language) "Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder," and draws his hand across his throat to accentuate his meaning. Miss Clamonte was a graceful and winning Ophelia, who delivered the ballads with some effect, and rendered the mad scene with no small amount of pathos. Neither she nor the lady who acted the Queen were deaf and dumb, but in the piece they used the deaf and dumb alphabet. The piece had to be ruthlessly truncated; the play scene and the burial of Ophelia being omitted. One of the characteristic incidents of the evening was that a baby, who in any other theatre would have been indignantly turned out, was allowed to screech on at its own sweet will, the majority of the audience being totally oblivious of its vocal efforts.—*London Graphic*, March 13, '86.

Indianapolis Notes.

The letter written to the JOURNAL by Mr. Berg is a "miserable scrawl" and too insignificant to answer in detail. He accuses us of being cowardly for writing under a *nom de plume*. If we had been writing our own personal opinion, it might be different, but we were writing not only our opinion but the opinion of all the mutes of the city, and our real opinion is that Mr. Berg leaped in the dark and landed in a deep dark hole, and the consequence is he is badly hurt and his chances of recovery are very slim indeed.

The alumni reunion promises to be a grand affair. A ready some of the best teachers of the deaf in this country have signified their willingness to be present. Messrs. Morrow and Jutt have been appointed by Superintendent Baker to make all necessary arrangements and issue circulars of invitation to the graduates. No date has been decided.

The Hoosier boating and fishing club will camp at Broad Ripple during July. The beautiful little steamer Fairy has been engaged for three hours each evening, for their special use. A large tent has been purchased, a first class colored cook has been employed, and all other arrangements have been made, such as purchasing a camp stove and cooking utensils, camp chairs, etc. Rooms have also been secured at the leading hotel for the lady members who will lodge at the hotel, but all will take their meals in the tent. The gentlemen will sleep in a tent furnished for the purpose. The names of the members of the club are Messrs. Morrow, Girard, Steinwenter, Dutot and Jackson, the lady members are Misses Lowe, Robertson, Kinsley, Mayer and Price.

Charles E. Steinwenter, who has been confined to the house for the last two weeks, is out again. He has been suffering with rheumatism, and navigates with the aid of a crutch and cane. We hope he may soon be well, for a nobler and more manly fellow does not exist than our friend Charley.

Charles Jackson, who contracted to dig a ditch for Tucker and Dorsey, gave up the job after digging only a few hours. He says "Paddy" may have his job.

W. W. Miles is about the busiest man in this part of the country. He is building an elegant new house, and making other improvements on his lot. Mrs. Miles informs us that she is going to furnish her house with the latest styles of furniture and carpets. They are bound to lead in everything, and we must confess we feel a little jealous.

Mr. Willets intends to engage extensively in the poultry business near the city. He will begin business about the first of May, at which time he will invite his friends to an old-fashioned pot-pie dinner, after which there will be an interesting debate between Mr. Kerney and Mr. Berg (if these gentlemen can be induced to attend). The question to be debated is "Resolved, That the hen is more useful than the goose." Mr. Kerney, whose love for the hen is unbounded, will speak for that noble bird, while Mr. Berg will defend the goose.

The winner is to have the hen named in honor of him. If Mr. Kerney should win, it will be christened Kerney Henner; if Mr. Berg should win, it will be Berg Goosey. "To the victors belong the spoils." Mr. John Lanigan, who left this city for Fort Wayne last fall, has been heard from. He says he has not been working much this winter. No doubt his mute friends of the National Hotel where he boarded while here, will be pleased to hear from him.

POLLYWOOD.

NASHUA NEWS.

On the 9th of this month, Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, of New York, came here to preach. The subject of his sermon was "Lent," which interested us very much.

Mr. M. Fish, formerly of Keene, N. H., came here from Winchester, Mass., and stayed a week, until Mr. F. Worcester, of Amherst, N. H., came and staid over night at Mr. V. B. Wright's home. The next day both left for Amherst, N. H. We heard last Friday that Mrs. Fish had secured work as housekeeper for a farmer two miles from Mr. Worcester's home.

Edwin H. French and wife are called "father and mother," owing to a boy baby being born to them, on the 12th of February last.

Maud E. Gay, the daughter of Elton R. Gay, has been severely sick with scarlet fever for over five weeks. But we are glad to learn that she is recovering her health again. It was the cause of her and her husband's non-attendance at the late Boston Levee.

Frank Blodgett and wife, H. F. Brown, F. Damon and Mr. Baker, of Nashua, N. H., went to Boston on the 21st of February last, and said they had a good time.

Hiram F. Brown is thinking of leaving his place in the Door, Sash and Blind Shop, for home in Rock Bottom, Mass., to buy a new "Crack" or "Star" bicycle.

A short time ago, Frank Dawson went to Amherst, N. H., to visit his folks and other deaf-mutes. About two months ago, Mr. and Mrs. Duprey moved here from Woonsocket, R. I., and now work in the weaving room of the mill.

Four months ago, Mr. Joseph Baker came here from Manchester, N. H., and now works in the other big mill.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

Deaf, Dumb, Blind.

THE PECULIAR AFFLICTION OF A LITTLE MAPLEWOOD GIRL.

In a few days an effort will be made before the Legislature to so change the educational law contained in sec. 16, chap. 41, of the Public Statutes, so as to include and provide for the proper care and instruction of deaf-mute children who are blind. The particular reason why legislation in this direction is sought at the present time is to furnish an opportunity for the proper training of a little girl afflicted in the manner above described, but whose youth, health and great activity of body and mind give reasonable promise that if she be blessed with the opportunities of expert instruction now quite beyond her reach, she may develop into a second Laura Bridgman. Little Edith M. Thomas of Maplewood, a daughter of Mr. Fred M. Thomas, has recently passed her 7th birthday. When 4 years of age, she became a victim of a most malignant attack of diphtheria, probably aggravated by scarlet fever. She was sick for more than six months, and as she began to gain strength she rapidly lost both sight and hearing, and in a few months became deaf and entirely bereft of sight. For some time she retained her speech, but, being unable to hear sounds of any kind, or to gain help by watching the lips of others, her speech soon became but a series of half articulate mutterings, and now she is rarely intelligible. In the mean time, however, she has developed into a strong, healthy, rosy-cheeked girl, full of romp and frolic and happiness, and seemingly fast losing recollections of "those other days" previous to her sickness, to which she would sometimes allude before her speech wholly failed. With her hands she is remarkably dexterous, and, while unable to receive impressions from others, she is a true child of nature, comes and goes as she listeth and sleeps whenever tired. She dresses and feeds herself, accomplishes some rude feats at needlework, runs up and down stairs and about the garden as if in full possession of her sight, and even contrives to make herself quite useful in household affairs. Endowed with a generous proportion of feminine pride in fine attire, this blind girl, when once she has been arrayed in a new dress, will by no means consent to return even temporarily to the old one. She is a source of constant study and enjoyment to all who know her, and the brightest hopes are entertained that, with her patient, joyous disposition and mental and physical possibilities, if she can be blessed with those opportunities for the providing of which the state's Solons are soon to be approached. The census of 1885 reports but three cases in the commonwealth of blind deaf-mutes. Of these, one is idiotic, nothing is known of the second, and the third is the celebrated Laura Bridgman.

From Philadelphia.

Mrs. C. Leisersohn gave a party on her birthday, which came off on the 1st of March. That night it was very cold and windy, but a good many of those who were invited braved the severe cold weather. There were about twenty in all. They played different games till ten o'clock, and then were invited to a very good supper, consisting of hot coffee, biscuit, ham, pickles, etc., and different kinds of cake. Among those who made toasts to Mrs. Leisersohn were Messrs. Houston, Cullingworth and Higgins. Every one declared it was the best supper they had at a party this winter. All know Mrs. Leisersohn as a very good housekeeper. After 11 o'clock, all had to hurry away to catch the last car. Mrs. L. was presented with many nice presents. The oldest lady present was Mrs. Paulin, and the youngest, Miss Edna L. Stevenson. The Picnic of the Clerc Literary Association will be on June 18th, at Lake Side, and another one on July 15th, at Alwrick Grove. Come one, and Come all. The Committee are Messrs. W. G. Harrison, J. Roop and D. Paul.

INVITED GUEST.

Northern Indiana.

Mr. E. P. Cripe, formerly a pupil at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Indianapolis, went to Iowa on a long visit to his relatives, after spending a couple of weeks with Prof. Jesse Cross, at Waterford, Ind. He went to Goshen, a few weeks ago.

Mr. H. W. Whitmore, of La Porte, Ind., who is a type-setter at the *Argus* office, will probably make a pleasant trip to Indianapolis and other cities, next fall.

Prof. Jesse Cross, of Waterford, went to Goshen, and made a pleasant visit to Mr. Cripe and other mutes. He remained there with them about two days.

We are surprised to learn that Miss Cora Coe, who is a teacher of deaf-mutes at Indianapolis, will spend a few weeks with her friends in New York during vacation.

H. W. Whitmore is a splendid skater. At the rink, he won the barrel race twice last year. All the roads are deep, muddy and rough, in La Porte county.

There are thirty male and female mutes in La Porte county.

Mr. J. Bixler, of Wakarusa, Ind., came to Waterford, Ind., on a visit not long since. He is a regular dude. He went home a few weeks ago.

JUMBO.

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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send in its name. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Tuttle Hall, 193 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhling, President; Henry Hoevel, First Vice-President; Charles E. Juhling, Second Vice-President; G. L. Reynolds, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Robert M. Patterson, Sergeant-at-Arms. Secretary's address is in care of H. L. Juhling, 171 Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A. of San Francisco. President, Theo. Grady; Vice-President, Frank B. Shattuck; Corresponding Secretary, Martin Aronsohn; Recording Secretary, Leo C. Williams; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy. Divine services first and third Sundays, alternate at 11 A.M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 St. St. St. San Francisco, Cal. Strangers and mute friends are cordially welcome.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 p.m., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 16th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes are cordially invited. J. Francis O'Brien, President. All communications should be addressed to John Lloyd, Jr., Corresponding Secretary, 320 Broom Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at 110, 192 W. Fifth Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8:00 p.m. John Hahn, President; Jos. Kelly, Secretary. His address is Buckeye Marble Works, Front Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Cleric Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 p.m., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures, first Thursday evening, second and fourth of each September, and first Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object is to promote moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Chas. H. Sharrar is President, and Daniel Paul, Jr., is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1020 East Montgomery Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

DE L'EEPE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of La Salle College, 1240 North Broad Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Applications should be made to Mr. Edward L. Carr, President, at No. 27 E. Summer St. or Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 1240 North Broad Street.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Thomas Brown, President; Almos Smith, Treasurer, and Willie E. White, Secretary.

PASA-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pasa-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispelling intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pasa-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered, as follows: President, Matthew Mullen; Vice-President, Edward King; Secretary, Matt Mullen; Treasurer, Jas. K. Watson. Address President or Secretary Pasa-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are to promote the moral, social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be addressed by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on special occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, Wm. Stafford; Vice-President, A. H. Kohlmetz; Secretary, D. A. Simpson; Treasurer, A. N. McNeill; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry McCamley. Address President or Secretary, 1427 Carr St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extensive services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an